

FOLLOWED ED NEAL.

Joe Coe Hanged to a Trolley Wire by an Infuriated Mob This Morning.

STORY OF THE ASSAULT ON THE JAIL.

Determination of the Self Appointed Avengers of Little Lizzie Yates.

WOULD NOT BE BALKED NOR HINDERED.

Words of Counsel from Cool Men Were Not Listened To.

CITY AUTHORITIES WERE POWERLESS.

Wild Clamor for a Friend's Blood Only Satisfied When It Was Quaffed by the Ravenous Populace.

Joe Coe, alias George Smith, was lynched at 1:10 o'clock this morning. He was hanged to a wire supporting the Harney street motor wire in front of Boyd's opera house. About 10,000 people were present.

Coe was dead before he was tied up, having been dragged by the neck from the jail and trampled under the feet of thousands of men as he passed.

His Victim Not Dead.

The report that was spread broadcast throughout the city yesterday afternoon and was published in the evening papers regarding the alleged death of little five-year-old Lizzie Yates, who was brutally assaulted by a burly negro named George Smith, alias Joe Coe, proved to be without foundation.

A Ben reporter visited the home of the child's parents at 1712 North Eleventh street, last evening, and found the little one in very good spirits and recovering from the effects of the fearful treatment she had received. Her father stated that she was getting along better than they had expected she possibly could, and he thought she would be herself again in a very few days, as she was able to get around.

Taken to the County Jail.

The colored ravisher was taken from the city jail by the police about 4 o'clock and driven in the patrol wagon to the home of the Yates family for the purpose of identification. He was dressed in different clothes from those he wore Wednesday afternoon, but Mrs. Yates was quite certain that he was "the negro who had been prowling around the place and represented himself as a garbage man. She said that she would not be willing to swear positively as to his identity, but she firmly believed that he was the brute who had assaulted her child. The little girl was still timid and very nervous from her experience, and could not be induced to look at a stranger, so nothing could be obtained from her in the way of identifying her assailant.

What Yates Said.

"I know that these are disgraceful cases, and the officers are frequently not backed up in their efforts to bring the guilty parties to justice," he said, "but it will not be so in this case. I have heard talk of lynching during the entire afternoon, but I would not encourage any such demonstration and if possible let the law take its course, although it is slow and justice often miscarries. It is difficult to identify the parties in some instances, as perhaps there would be in this, although I am satisfied in my own mind. Self control is not always easy, and it was hard for me to let that a second get out of the yard alive."

Discussed the Crime.

On the street corners and in the down town resorts all the early part of the evening knots of men collected and talked about the awful crime of the negro. There seemed to be two different opinions, and that was that the negro must hang at the hands of a mob.

Suggested an Assault.

After a good deal of howling some one yelled, "Let's break the door," and soon a line of men appeared carrying a long, heavy post.

Bound to Have Blood.

Governor Boyd was sent for, and after crowding his way to the jail steps, attempted to speak, but the howling and cat calls stopped only for a moment, while the governor said:

"We'll tear him limb from limb," and the crowd drowned the governor's voice.

Then the big battering ram was taken up and a few thrusts at the door given.

Councilman Morearty grabbed hold of the bars over the window of the jail's office and urged the mob on. Morearty started the ball to rolling by thrusting his cane through the bars and breaking the windows. This act was met by applause and the councilman continued until every pane of glass in the two windows was shattered.

Battering at the Door.

A couple of dozen enraged men then took up the heavy post and, using it as a ram, started to break through the steel bars. This could not be done, and attention was turned to the window casing. Every stroke of the timber was greeted with lusty cheers.

"Keep on, we'll get him," cried those who stood back and did no work. After a deal of pounding the casing was broken and the iron bars over the north side of the window removed.

"Let's go in," yelled everybody, but no one seemed willing to take the lead as the little jailer's office was filled with police who stood with drawn revolvers.

Swarming Into the Jail.

An old white-haired man, Uncle Jimmie Cannon, who was as much of a leader as any one, said he would go and started to climb into the window, but was met by Jailer Lynch, who held a heavy Colt's revolver at the old man's head and told him to keep out. The leader backed down and the mob hissed. Then a twenty-foot plank was brought up and shoved into the room clearing it of its occupants, who retreated into the hall. Again the old man stood up and was cheered. This time he went in, followed by the mob, who crawled through the little aperture as fast as possible, while the crowd swarmed up like a pack of hungry wolves.

While this was going on Governor Boyd endeavored to dissuade the mob from any acts of violence, but his counsel was opposed by Councilman Morearty, who shouted to the crowd to come on and waved his cane and hat frantically in the air. This sort of talk was all the crowd wanted and they pushed through the window as rapidly as possible.

Their Victim in Sight.

Once inside the crowd made short work of the door opening from the office into the corridor. The door opening into the large cell on the lower floor was broken and the crowd made its way upstairs to the room where Neal spent the last hour of his life. The door leading to this room was broken open and the crowd surged into the room surrounding the steel cage, in one corner of which crouched the miserable object of their search, a blanket wrapped around him and endeavoring to conceal himself.

As those inside caught sight of the negro they set up a howl of delight, which was quickly taken up by the crowd outside.

The police and jailers inside followed along with the crowd but were utterly helpless. The sight of the steel cage with its double doors and strong bars did not daunt the attacking party and demands for sledge hammers, crowbars, cold chisels, etc., shouted through the window met with quick response from those outside and soon the noise of resounding blows awakened the echoes outside and were greeted with cheers.

Shouting Bulletins.

A young fellow took post in the window and at once established a series of bulletins, shouting to the crowd below as the work progressed. At short intervals he shouted out such items as:

"They are working on the door!" "The door is giving way!" "The nigger is praying!" "We're getting there slow, but sure!" "The outside door is open!" "They have cut a four-inch bar on the second door!" "The nigger says he is a burglar!" "The nigger is taking it easier than we are," and so on, each call being greeted with howls and cheers.

Police Were Not in It.

Meanwhile about a dozen policemen stood about in the crowd, but they were utterly helpless and did not attempt to do anything. The crowd was constantly receiving reinforcements, and by this time there were about twenty men collected and talked about the awful crime of the negro. There seemed to be two different opinions, and that was that the negro must hang at the hands of a mob.

Brought the Firemen.

About this time the attention of the crowd was attracted by the noise of heavy wheels and four companies of the fire department arrived on the scene. A connection was made by one of the companies with the hydrant at Eleventh and Harney streets, and the water was turned on. In less than two seconds there were twenty fountains spouting in the middle of Harney street and several feet of new hose was run by being cut. Other companies tried to lay lines of hose, but the crowd just picked the hose up as fast as it was strung and carried it into the alley between Farnam and Harney streets, where it was uncoupled. Seeing all attempts to turn the hose on the crowd were useless, the firemen were withdrawn.

Captain McCormack's Speech.

Becoming impatient at the slow work on the window, a part of the crowd, under the leadership of a big, burly red faced man, swarmed around to the south door of the building and up the steps to the entrance to the sheriff's house.

"We'll get in here," cried the leader of this gang, and he pounded on the door.

Captain McCormack stood inside and opened the door.

"What do you want?" asked McCormack.

"We want to get in," yelled the crowd in concert. The captain threw a big six shooter up into the face of the leader and said:

"Get out of here. If you make another move to get in this door I will kill you."

That kind of talk, coming from a man of McCormack's caliber and backed by his reputation as a man of nerve and a dead shot, was too much for the crowd, so they swarmed back and joined the mob on the lawn.

At the north side, between the jail and the court house people

were packed in like sardines in a box. The blows of the hammer on the steel cell recently occupied by Neal came floating out through the window and nearly every blow was greeted by a cheer.

Read the Riot Act.

About 10:30 Chief Seavey, accompanied by a sergeant of police, pushed his way through the crowds to the northeast corner of the jail, where several men had mounted upon ladders placed against the barred windows. Turning the men from the ladder the chief pulled to the crowd and in a loud tone of voice exclaimed:

"In the name of the state of Nebraska I hereby command you to disperse to your several homes."

The command was received with mingled cheers and yells of derision. Mounting the ladder Chief Seavey finally managed to make himself heard above the uproar. He said:

"Gentlemen—The little girl who was injured and reported dead by the papers this afternoon is still alive and doing well."

This was all that was managed to say, for his voice was once more drowned in the babel of sounds.

They Made the Run.

At twenty-five minutes past 12 the leaders of the mob called to the crowd to give them room to get out of the window of the jail office. With a blood curdling yell the crowd gave way for the leaders and the doomed man. Several men sprang out of the window with the rope in their hands, others shoved the half dead brute out of the window and then the most fearful work ever witnessed at the hands of a mob in Omaha was performed amid the piercing yells of thousands of desperate men.

No Pity for the Brute.

The rope was grasped by fully a hundred men and they ran down the declivity roadway to the corner of Eleventh and Harney streets. The black brute was dragged by the neck all the way and must have been nearly dead before he had been dragged 100 feet. The mob rushed upon him, kicking and jumping upon him as he was jerked down over the rough pavement, his clothing being almost entirely torn from his body, and the skin and flesh bruised and bleeding in a shocking manner.

It is about seventy yards from the jail window to the corner of the court house square. This run of death was made in less time than it takes to tell it.

Policemen Struggle with the Mob.

The officers struggled manfully to save the doomed man, but they were utterly helpless in the midst of the yelling, frenzied crowd of determined men.

The leaders in the rope brigade made for a telegraph pole at the southwest corner of Harney and Seventeenth, but when one of the lynchers had climbed up the pole he found no projection to stand upon, and he quickly descended and led the way to a pole that stands diagonally across the street, directly north and across the street from Boyd's theatre. It required at least five minutes for those who had the man in hand to get across the street.

Police officers who were made by the mob to rescue Coe. A back had been driven through the crowd and stopped near the corner of the street. Toward this back the police officers made a rush with the doomed man and a few of the leaders of the mob.

All Efforts to Save Him Vain.

The struggle was that of giants. The officers had the good sense not to draw their clubs or revolvers. If they had there would have been terrible bloodshed, and they succeeded in getting the culprit into a hack, but the horses were quickly unhitched and the officers overpowered.

Again the mob was in possession of the doomed man. But the officers made one more determined effort to save the almost dead man from the hands of the mob. They rushed toward another hack, but the crowd turned it upside down and actually smashed it to pieces.

Then the leaders, who had hold of the rope, made a rush for the northeast corner of the street dragging the dead and mutilated body after them.

One of the lynchers climbed up the pole and threw the rope over several telephone wires that stretch along Harney street.

Dangling in the Air.

Soon the end of the rope was returned to the mob below and in the twinkling of an eye the body of the black villain was dangling in the air as limp and lifeless, apparently, as a rag.

The muscles of one arm twitched convulsively, but aside from that not a sign of life appeared to be left in the body.

Expressed Their Satisfaction in Yells.

Then such a yell! It sounded like the chorus of angels from the camp of a band of Indians engaged in a war dance. The great crowd filled the street for a full block in every direction and thousands stood in the court house campus gazing upon the last dreadful scene in the tragedy. No tragedy ever to be enacted since the theatre just across the street will thrill an audience with horror as did that spectacle.

Swinging Limp and Lifeless.

Beneath the dangling body stood the mob, looking up in the expect of the foot of the rope, their faces gleaming in the electric light and their voices filling the air with the cries of a vengeance fully satisfied.

From a distance the body looked so limp and lifeless that many supposed it was a dummy.

"That don't go that don't go," they shouted; but the leaders who stood close to the corpse that swung above their heads assured the crowd that it was "a nigger all right." And then the air was rent with a chorus of horrible yells.

Made Sure It Was the Negro.

A street car stood on the track near by and several men climbed upon that to make sure that the object suspended in the air was the body of the negro. Gradually the crowd became convinced that the deed had really been accomplished, the object of their wrath was dead.

The doorman man was swung into the air at exactly twenty-five minutes to 1 o'clock.

Held by the Horror.

While the majority of the great crowd quietly left for their homes fully 1,000 persons remained and completely blocked the streets and sidewalks near the dead man. Some one standing on the pavement directly under the corpse called for a speech.

Julius S. Cooley was spotted first and compelled by the boots and cries to make a talk. Cooley didn't say much of anything beyond showing the great saving to the county by such actions, and advocated the laws of Judge Lynch on account of celerity and economy.

Just then some one saw Governor Boyd stepping into his carriage, in front of the opera house, and immediately there went up a great howl for Boyd. The carriage of the governor kept right on going though and in

a moment disappeared around the corner of Seventeenth and Farnam.

Then George O'Brien hove in sight and was urged to speak. Taking off his hat and standing on the edge of the sidewalk O'Brien overpowered the mob.

"Of course public sentiment will frown upon such action as this as long as there are laws. I don't think there is a married man or woman, a sister, brother, father or mother in the whole city of Omaha that will not commend your action of tonight and say that you all did right."

Then the Groomer Came.

Just then a groomer, Harrigan, drove up and viewed the body. Everybody yelled for Harrigan, and the groomer, standing beneath the dangling corpse in the flickering light, said:

"What is done is done; actions speak louder than words."

Healy & Healy's undertaking wagon drove up to the corner, called speaking and was greeted with cheers. Some one called out: "Let him hang, a nigger, it was a good job."

Amid such remarks the body was quickly lowered into the box, after having hung just one hour, and with one final hurrah the wagon drove away down Farnam street on a gale of wind.

At 2 o'clock this morning Coroner Harrigan viewed the remains of Coe as they lay in the undertaking room at Healy's. He stated that the man's neck was broken and that life was extinct when the body was cut down. The inquest will be held at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

In the Midst of the Mob.

The crush and press of the crowd was something fearful as it swayed back and forth. After Coe was brought down to the jail office and while the crowd was waiting for those who knew him to make sure of his identification, the crowd made clear paths several times, and went down to the street near Boyd's opera house by the stairways, catching hands in a group and holding the others back. But the press of thousands behind soon broke the bulwark of arms and hands and the ranks went down again with a rush.

Boys and young men were in danger of being crowded to death. Crowbars and sledgehammers were handed in over the top of the crowd, and the mob was made to have the law enforced, and the state which the cowardly Jones murder had cast upon the county removed forever.

Arrived Early.

Some of the spectators entered the enclosure as early as 5:30 o'clock. The sun at that hour had not directed its rays within the stockade and, as a consequence, the early visitors huddled in one of the corners, waiting for the start of the crime and the execution.

New arrivals appeared at every moment, and at 11 o'clock a file of strangers walked down the steps from the kitchen of the jail and mingled in the throng.

These were immediately identified as members of the Jones family. They had come from Iowa to witness the execution of the murderer of their parents.

Witnesses of the Execution.

At 11:30 there were probably 250 people awaiting the final act, among whom were J. T. Moriarty, Councilman Burdick, Ed. Mauer, J. B. Houck, Lieutenant Arrasmith, Detectives Savage and Hux, Joseph O'Connor, Humphrey Moynihan, P. Rowley, Councilman Blumner, John Baumer, Ed. Witting, Joseph H. Schaeffer, Ed. Looney, P. Boase, Editor Reckard of the South Omaha Tribune, Ed. Walsh, D. J. Collins, Jerome Pentz, Will English, Jack Morrison, Joe O'Byrne, John Drexel, Mayor Sloane of South Omaha, Arthur Briggs, John Cook, Major Dennis, M. L. Ryan, E. Meyer, H. Schaeffer, C. Schroeder, C. V. Vodel, Peter Besen, E. W. Green, Councilman Elsas, Captains McCormack and Mosty, Sergeant Ormsby, Adam Snyder, Richard Berlin, Pat Ford, James Joseph, O. Stange, Harrison, Larimer, Washington County, Caldwell of Nebraska, Milligan of Dodge, and Deputies Henke of Blair and Liddard of Springfield and Maxwell of Lincoln. Also Harry Dennis, Harry Frank, Moore, John Evans, C. Squires and the following physicians and surgeons: Drs. E. C. Brown, H. H. Hensley, J. W. Summers, John, Freeman, Bridges, Leo, Williams, Holtscheimer, Birt and Allison.

Sheriff Boyd's Entrance.

At that moment Sheriff Boyd made his appearance in the doorway leading from the kitchen of the jail.

It was known that it was through that doorway the murderer would make his appearance. Everybody felt that the fated hour had arrived, but they were mistaken.

The sheriff ascended the steps to the gallows, looked at the rope, which was tied around the cross-piece of the gallows, and then he looked at a nail on the brace on the east side of the scaffold.

After this inspection the sheriff descended the steps and cleared a path through the spectators who impeded his passage toward the kitchen entrance.

Wanted Another Hanging.

About this time a report was received in the crowd that the little girl who had been criminally assaulted by the negro, Joe Coe, had died. This announcement was received with the most intense expressions of indignation. Feeling ran so high that there had been a leader, a rush would have been made for the body of the colored brute and the latter would have followed Neal upon the scaffold. The attention of the crowd, however, was directed to the fact that the body of the colored brute was not to be lowered from the cross beam after the straps had been removed from his wrists and ankles.

Finally orders to clear the steps came from inside and the order was instantly obeyed. When Len Grebe appeared on the steps and said:

"The members of the Jones family who are present in the crowd will please see to it that they do not interfere with the execution of the law and that they do not attempt to enter the kitchen."

Searched the Jones Family.

Speculation was indulged in as to whether the crowd would be refused admittance to the hanging. This was answered in the affirmative in a few minutes by the appearance of the Joneses again. They had simply been searched to see whether or not they had arms concealed about their persons. It had been feared that they might be induced to commit an assault of some kind on the prisoner.

The men were found unarmed, however, and several of them were conducted with over the bloody murder which robbed them of their venerable parents.

The door again opened and Ed. Williams, a colored man, came out. He was followed by Charles Marple who has been associated with the family for some time. Ed. Williams ascended to the bench of the district court. Both of these gentlemen seemed sad and disinclined to engage in conversation with any of those who stood around them.

Kitchen Clock Was Fast.

There was a clock in the jail kitchen and that sounded the hour of noon. But it was several minutes fast. A hundred watches, however, were pulled out because the impression seemed to prevail that the execution would take place at 12 o'clock sharp.

Deputy Sheriff Tierney then appeared and ordered the passage way to be again cleared. Then Sheriff Boyd came out upon the landing. He was as composed as the members of the Jones family who had been ascending the steps to his office.

He walked slowly down the steps and then the crowd was satisfied that the hour had at length arrived.

Immediately after the sheriff walked Father McCarthy of St. Pauline's cathedral, accompanied by his secretary and Father Kiger, S. J., the murderer's spiritual adviser.

Neal in the Sunlight.

Then came Neal. His hands were crossed

JUSTICE AT LAST.

Lives of Allan and Dorothy Jones Compensated for by Ed Neal.

HE IS BEFORE THE HIGHEST JUDGE NOW.

Soul of the Murderer Set Free at the Drop of the Trap.

CONFERRED HIS GUILT ON THE SCAFFOLD.

He Was Alone When the Dastardly Double Murder Was Committed.

DEATH HAD FEW TERRORS FOR HIM.

Story of the Execution, Crime and Trial of the Condemned—How He Faced His Final Doom.

Ed Neal, the murderer of Allan and Dorothy Jones, expired this afternoon on the gallows adjoining the Douglas county court house yesterday at 12:00 o'clock.

The gallows was erected in an enclosure completed by the erection of two pine walls, sixteen feet in height on Eleventh and Harney streets. Within this enclosure there were probably 250 people of all nationalities and conditions in society. They had been provided with tickets by Sheriff Boyd and seemed prompted by motives more honorable than mere curiosity. They seemed anxious to have the law enforced, and the state which the cowardly Jones murder had cast upon the county removed forever.

Arrived Early.

Some of the spectators entered the enclosure as early as 5:30 o'clock. The sun at that hour had not directed its rays within the stockade and, as a consequence, the early visitors huddled in one of the corners, waiting for the start of the crime and the execution.

New arrivals appeared at every moment, and at 11 o'clock a file of strangers walked down the steps from the kitchen of the jail and mingled in the throng.

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Neal in the Sunlight.

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before him as he stepped out into the fresh air, the first time he had inhaled it or felt the direct rays of the sun since he was convicted.

His black suit of clothes, which he remarked as he stepped out, was adjusted with fastidious taste. He put his hands on his hips and looked at the crowd, throwing out his chest with the air of a courtier of favorable comment.

Following the direction of gaze before him he turned to see as he did the sun strike the eyes of the crowd, and he smiled slightly to one side at the rays and at the same time to catch a glimpse of the scaffold. The view was only a trial one and the murderer again essayed to see the gibbet.

By this time he had reached the top of the gallows. He looked down at the air of a bridegroom. His bearing evoked admiration. There was nothing to show falling courage save the paleness of his cheeks and the nervous twitching of his lips.

Behind him waited the death watches, which he was to witness.

On the scaffold stood Sheriff Boyd, Deputy Sheriff Tierney, Jailer Harrigan, Pat Lynch, Father Kiger and Neal. The last mentioned stepped lightly upon the trap and then turned and faced the crowd. He held a crucifix in his hands which he passed reverently to his lips.

He was encouraged by his spiritual adviser and then in a low voice Sheriff Boyd asked Neal if he was ready to die.

Neal, with a steady look at his neck and a crucifix between his hands, advanced to the front and in a low tone said:

Confessed His Crime.

"I want to say that I was alone at the time when I committed this crime."

"There was nobody else there."

"